

Mr. Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

PHILLIP HENRY observes, that thanksgiving is well, but thanks-living is better.

We quite agree with the following words of an eminent Unitarian:—"Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant."

THE Rev. Mr. Chaney, Unitarian Minister of Boston, U.S., affirms that Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mr. Moody, the Revivalist, are cousins. Of this the *Transcript* says:—"As for the comparative usefulness of these two cousins—separated, as Mr. Emerson would say, by whole celestial diameters—Mr. Chaney classed Emerson as the representative of the cold, self-reliant man, all done up and encompassed within himself, while Mr. Moody was the banner-man of social culture in our midst. The principles and teachings of Moody, says this Unitarian preacher, make society and church all, and man nothing, while Emerson makes man all, and society and church nothing."

THE death of Mrs. Cobden a few days ago reminds us of many of the pithy and useful sentences of her ever-to-be-revered husband. For the benefit of our younger people we may now cite Mr. Cobden's proverbs about "Luck and Labour":—

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring news of a legacy.

Labour turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence.

Luck whines.

Labour whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labour on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labour strides upward to independence.

THE other week a Bible more than 400 years old, was sold at Bramall Hall, in Cheshire, for a thousand pounds.

TYNDALL says, and we think says truly, "Nature is full of anomalies which no foresight can predict, and which experience alone can reveal."

THE oldest man in the world at the present time is said to be Captain Lahrbusch, of New York, one of Wellington's veterans, who was born March 9, 1766, and who, consequently, is now in his 112th year. Think of it! He is older than Napoleon would have been, had he lived, by three years. [He is just dead.]

ON the doctrine of endless pain, the *Jewish Chronicle* affirms—"Now, we Jews have nothing to do with this dreadful doctrine. It has never been taught by any of the Jewish doctors. It is neither Moses nor the prophets that have propounded it. If there be a few passages in the Hebrew Scriptures which might be explained in a sense favourable to such a doctrine, to the honour of the rabbis be it said, they have never transformed such an interpretation into a dogma. The merit of having discovered it in the New Testament and moulded it into an article of faith is due to the Fathers of the Church." Yes, we rejoin, due to the Fathers of the Church, not to Christ and the Apostles.

ONE of the best of the late Norman MacLeod's sayings we think is the following:—"The longer I live the less do I desire to judge any man. There is no one but God can decide as to any man's character. This is a product of so many causes—temperament, the society into which he has been cast, intellectual capacity, the teaching he has received, whether from the books he has read, the clergy—perhaps bigots, ignorant men, superstitious dogmatists, mere talkers—he has heard, and a thousand circumstances,—that we dare not condemn the man, though from the light God has given us we may say, 'to me this is right or wrong.' Many a so-called 'infidel' is nearer the kingdom of God than many an 'orthodox' minister."

THE Queen of Madagascar has issued an edict forbidding the use or the sale of ardent spirits in her dominions.

THE Rev. Hugh Brown, in his lecture on Christianity and common sense, attributes the belief of many people as to Christianity and common sense being at variance, to the fact of people taking their ideas of Christianity from creeds and doctrines and churches, instead of from Christ and the New Testament.

IN these days of bad trade we ought all to have a proper dread of idleness. It is said that when Pisistratus had the supreme command at Athens, he sent for those who were idle about the streets, and asked them why they loitered about, doing nothing. "If your cattle be dead," said he, "take others from me and work; if you want seed, that also will I give you." So fearful was he of the injurious effects that would result from habits of idleness.

IN reference to children and sleep, the following hints are given:—"There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, 'Who sleeps eats,' is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Most wakeful children are almost always peevish, irritable, and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset, to have their sleep out, than to lay long after sunrise in the morning. It is as well to let a healthful growing child or young person sleep till he wakens himself, and then give him such variety and amount of out-of-door exercise as shall make him glad when bed-time comes again."

SPRING is upon us, and now we scarcely need remind our readers that Solomon says that God "hath made everything beautiful in its time." And David says, "He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered." Yet how few people delight in God's works! How few appreciate their beauty! "Every spring," as has been well said, "God works countless wonders. Out of a little bud He brings a branch with leaves, and flowers, and fruits. From a tiny seed He evolves a whole plant, with its system of roots and branches. And, more wonderful still, we see springing into life a new generation of insects and creeping things, and birds, and beasts. This is the idea we wish to inculcate. Open the soul to the reception of the spiritual influences of nature. Live in communion with God and His works. This is the way to make life happy."

WE have just read of a very poor mill-woman, who supports two children by hard work, handing a subscription of one shilling, out of her small pittance, to a friend who was collecting money for a poor and worthy person. A few days afterwards she was called upon and had the purse of gold presented to herself, as "the poor and worthy person" for whom the friend was collecting. How often the poor are the principal helpers of the poor!

SIMONIDES, the Greek philosopher, being asked the question, "What is God?" by Hiero, King of Syracuse, desired a day to consider it; the next day he required two; and every time the King demanded a solution of his question the philosophic poet doubled the time he had before asked for considering it. The King at last asked the reason of so perpetual a delay. "It is because, sire," said Simonides, "the more I consider the more I am confounded." John, the fisherman of Galilee, answered this question in three words—"God is love."

A CHINAMAN writing in the *Jewish World* condemns all courtship, and recommends the method of betrothal universal in his country. "The Chinese proceed on the assumption that it is quite impossible for two young and inexperienced persons, with the eyes of 20 or 23 years of age, to know the world or each other, or whether they are suited to make one another happy for life. They also believe that the persons most competent to judge the choice that is best for them are their own parents, especially if they be sensible and intelligent individuals. When the parents or guardians of the young candidate for marriage take the delicate task in hand of selecting a life-partner for their boy or girl, they very wisely employ a professional "go-between." The official "match-maker" is supplied with a card containing the ancestral name, and the hour, day, month and year of birth of the candidate for matrimony. The Chaldeans, the Babylonians, and the Egyptians held profound convictions on astrology, and as my countrymen are so wise on many other matters let us not imagine they consult the stars without sufficient reason. With us the presence of no priest is required, whereas in England the people put themselves in the hands of the clergy, like foolish slaves, from the cradle to the grave." We have been told that the Buddhists are likely to send missionaries over here. If the above be a part of their gospel, and that astrologers and fortune-tellers are to pave the way to domestic bliss, instead of "knaveish priests," they had better stop at home. We have not come to this low level yet.

REASONABLE Churchmen must feel that the Church is in no small danger from abuses. Take, for instance, the City of London. The City livings of St. Alphege (£1350 a-year), St. Ethelburga (£950 a-year), St. Andrew Undershaft (£2500 a-year), with populations, respectively, in 1871, of 274, 315, and 580—all in the gift of the Bishop of London. A stipend, in some cases, equal to £5 a head per annum for every soul in the parish.

In the April number of the *Christian Freeman* we gave a brief account of Bessbrook, in Ireland, and asked if this remarkable account was true. We have received some replies. A few sentences from these we now subjoin:—"It is undoubtedly a model place, the inhabitants live in a very quiet and peaceable manner, evidenced by the fact that there are not any police required; good order, harmony, and industry appear to prevail. I am disposed to question whether there are many of the workers who have deposits in the savings' bank ranging from £200 to £400. It is quite true that there is not a licensed public house in the town." "I obtained the following concurrent testimony from Mrs. A. M. Richardson, of the Society of Friends. 'Our family are well acquainted with John Grubb Richardson, of Moyallon. He is a large linen manufacturer, and owns the estate of Bessbrook where the manufacture is carried on. J. G. R. being a temperance advocate, does not allow the sale of any intoxicating liquors in this town, which consists of about 3000 inhabitants, most of whom are employed in the mills, or are connected with it. There is no workhouse, no prison, and no police force, neither of these institutions being required.'"

A NONCONFORMIST MINISTER was visiting a lady and gentleman, members of his flock. The lady mentioned a minister "who was a real gospel preacher," she said, and continued, "Oh, Mr. —, don't you think it would be well to preach more of the Gospel?" "Well," said the minister, "May I ask what you call the Gospel?" "Ah, h'm, ah," said the lady, "why, why, the Gospel. It is the Gospel." Then turning to her husband she asked him to help her to a definition, and he, after profound meditation, replied, "To preach the Gospel is to preach eternal punishment." We must suppose that he did not know that Gospel is a Saxon word, meaning "Good tidings." No doubt he would have liked Dr. Johnson's definition of the spiritual meaning of the word Death. Johnson's dictionary explains death to be "the departure of the soul from the body," but says that in theology it means "eternal torments."

PRAYER EXPLANATIONS.—It sometimes amazes us to hear ministers entering into explanations to God in prayer. They remind us of the little boy who said in his prayer, "And bless mamma and Jenny and uncle Benny," adding, after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "his name is Hopkins."

KINGLY AND MANLY.—Not long ago the Emperor William, while on his way to Cobourg, breakfasted in Eisenach. Around the table were eight chairs and a sofa with cushions. The Emperor asked the head waiter for whom the sofa was placed there. "For your Imperial Majesty," said the waiter. "Take it away," replied the monarch, "and give me a chair like the others."

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.—"My children," said an old clergyman to the children of his flock, "never forget to keep on the right side of the public-house, and that is the outside. Many a convict would have been saved from a life of misery, and many a man from the scaffold, had he never tasted the intoxicating cup, nor met with the gambling, loafing class that hover around such places."

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR EVERYBODY AND ALWAYS.—Cultivate acquaintance, if desirable; if not, cut them. Never sow the seeds of dissension. Weed your library. Get as much heart's ease as you can. Attend to wall-flowers and trim cocombs. Emulate the cucumber—be cool. Don't peach. Avoid flowers of speech.

"MADAME," said a Vicaire-Général to a Frenchwoman of my acquaintance, who refused to give money towards the expenses of a religious procession on the plea that her husband objected; "Madame, it is not at all necessary to tell your husband. You can give what you please." "M. le Vicaire," said the lady, "I have been married for thirty years, and have never yet deceived my husband; I am too old to begin now." "But, Madame, when you do it for good works!" "No, M. le Vicaire, I cannot do it; and besides, I have another reason. The law forbids a religious procession passing a place of worship devoted to another faith. Your procession, therefore, is forbidden to pass our street by the law." "The law, Madame, what does the law matter to us? As if we paid any attention to the law!" The priest stuck to his text, the lady to hers, and he left her in high dudgeon. Teach a woman to rob her husband, break the laws, do anything you please, so long as you go to confession and acquit yourself generously to the Church. Such is the teaching of these so-called ministers of religion!—Miss M. Betham-Edwards in *A Year in Western France*.

## TURNING THE TABLES.

"MARY, your bread is never well-baked; I wonder what is the reason that everybody else has things right and we always have things wrong?"

"Why, Joe, I am sure the bread has never been in this state before! You see, the oven 'had a fit,' and couldn't be made to heat this morning."

"Oh, yes! you are always ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits. And she always has the lightest, sweetest bread, and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern by her."

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed oftener than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, can scarcely be expected;" and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found house-keeping rather up-hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her best to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please—in fact, seemed determined *not* to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier, he had a vital and constant sense that "discipline must be maintained." At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife fortunately, and not easily irritated, though, to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance, whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert on some deficiency in cookery, or manners, or dress, on the part of his wife—and that *pro bono publico*. For instance, it would be:—

"Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge-cake you make! Mary, take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you can never have it so puffy!" Or, "Mrs. Brown, you certainly are an adept at entertaining company. I wish, Mary, that you would try and steal Mrs. Brown's art." Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming.

Your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary, that, with all I spend for you, you never can reach the *je ne sais quoi* of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lip, and be inwardly annoyed; but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin; and was really too good-natured and Christian a person to let it change her feelings towards Joe, whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her, and a very just man at heart. After a while, too, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed in order to break him of his disagreeable habit.

Circumstances favoured her. One day a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbours, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea-party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," she said, "but very pleasant, I think. You only are wanting to make the circle of harmony complete."

"Well," said Mary, "I will come, Mrs. Vane, on one condition."

"Condition! Is it come to this, that you must make conditions! Well, my dear, make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, "that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea! Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No, Hettie; thank God, your lot is a highly-favoured one. But I have a reason for this, which, if you please, I will not divulge; only let me have my way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If anybody but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I certainly should have taken offence. But I never could be angry with you. So if it will be any satisfaction to you—though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is—I will comply with your conditions. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see; to-morrow is my baking-day, and your party is not before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied

with bread, biscuit, cake, and all other accessories; and mind, the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well, it's all settled then, and I will leave you. On the whole this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well known to be particularly nice. So good-bye till Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this, Hettie, to any one; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you desire it, I'll keep quiet. Good-bye again, for you will have your hands full, and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crotchet demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Everything came off on that baking-day precisely as Mary could have wished it. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as a snow-flake, with just a golden-brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection; her biscuits crisp and delicious. Then she knew her preserved fruits were nice; and if ever there was a sponge-cake, more like solidified froth, she would like to see it. Everything was sent to Mrs. Vane on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress.

Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea-party, for her eye shone with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough about it to redden her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you would not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the belle of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself, for, strange to say, he made no remarks upon her appearance that might calculate to lower her self-esteem, but, contrariwise, gazed at her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction.

But "murder will out." It came out on this occasion when they sat down to supper. Everybody was delighted; there had not been such an unexceptional "tea" in the neighbourhood for a long time. Country people

are very fond of their "teas;" they compare one with another with admirable connoisseurship. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread-makers. Your biscuits are quite beautiful. Were ever such made before! How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge-cake?"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally changed glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so well all the evening that Mary began to be afraid her plans had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"This is a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge-cake. I can't see why it is, Mary: you improve, it is true; I will give you credit for that; but I don't see why it is all women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion—not of thunder, but of laughter.

Joe looked up amazed. He was a man who stood upon his dignity enormously. What did these women mean to laugh so at a sober, sensible remark of his? Particularly what did Mary mean to so trifle with the respect she owed her husband?

He began to grow very red indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it presently, and came to his and Mary's relief; for poor Mary had begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry, at any rate.

"Mr. Starr," said Mrs. Vane, "I am truly glad that you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all *your wife's*. By your own showing you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was no use to get angry with so many people, so, before

long, Joe joined the chorus himself. And so the tea-party broke up with the greatest good-nature all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now, I believe, the most easily pleased of any husband for ten miles round!

#### SPRING TIME.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

'Tis early, opening spring,  
The birthday of the flower;  
The vales with music ring  
And beauty decks the bower.

See, the dark clouds disperse  
And sunshine gilds the plain,  
The birds their hymns rehearse,  
Echo repeats the strain.

O'er hill and mossy rock  
Melodious tones rebound,  
The shepherd tends his flock,  
Rejoicing at the sound.

The busy, buzzing bee,  
The dewy nectar sips  
From flowers whose fragrant  
O'erspreads the mountain tips.

The lily in the vale,  
The violet in the shade,  
The rose, the nightingale,  
To gladden us were made.

Now the soft summer rain  
Bedews the thirsty land,  
The meadows smile again  
By gentle zephyrs fanned.

And lovely children grace  
With life and childish glee,  
The renovated face  
Of nature's majesty.

They chase from flower to flower  
The gaudy butterfly,  
They climb some lofty tower  
Their youthful strength to try.

They weave in many a link  
The pretty daisy chain,  
Nor e'er of sorrow think,  
Nor of fatigue complain.

All music is their voice,  
Re-echoing through the air,  
In beauty they rejoice,  
And in that beauty share.

Such joy doth spring-time bring,  
In valley, flower and tree;  
Its beauty I would sing,  
O come rejoice with me.

ELIZA HADDOCK, *Horncastle.*

#### THE BELIEFS OF SAVAGES CONCERNING THE SOUL.

It is well known that among savages the soul is frequently conceived of as breath coming out of the mouth at death, and passing on to assume a spiritual form in another existence, but we also find among many tribes the belief that the soul sometimes leaves the body during life and returns to it again.

Perhaps this idea originated in the apparent absence of the soul during sleep, when it is supposed to wander about freely, and dreams are, therefore, to them the record of its doings while freed from the body. If it stays too long it is thought that death will ensue, and illness is believed to be caused by the spirit's forsaking its fleshly abode. Thus, bringing back souls is a regular part of the priest (or medicine man's) profession. The Fijians say, when any one faints or dies, his spirit may be often brought back by calling after it. Another tribe run about, trying to catch with their hands the sick man's departing soul, which they call, singularly enough using the symbol employed by the ancient Greeks, his "butterfly."

There are stories now current among the Indians of a man's soul being carried off by mistake for a namesake, and on the discovery of the error, being sent back in haste to regain his body before it was burnt; but meanwhile, it is said, he had a glimpse of the punishments of the wicked and the happiness of those who had mortified the flesh while on earth, and of Suttee widows happy with their husbands.

Common enough is the belief that the spirits of the dead return to earth and give warnings in dreams. This idea is very strong among some tribes of North Asia, and curiously enough, these spirits are regarded as mischievous, and those of the departed priests the most mischievous of all. They send illness and misfortune, and trouble the conscience of their relatives. Everything possible is done to keep them away, such as throwing a red-hot stone, as the corpse of the departed is carried out, in order to prevent his return.

Offerings of food and other things are placed beside the grave, some say, to deprive the dead of any excuse for coming to the house to fetch them.

The following is an invocation used by a son when offering sacrifice to the spirit of his father :—" We honour thee with a feast; look, here is bread for thee, and different kinds of meat; thou hast all thou canst want; but do not trouble us, do not come near us."—*Castren's Mythologie*.

The tombs are also sometimes enclosed with high railings, to prevent the living from clambering in, and the dead from clambering out.

The soul is generally believed to be still known by its bodily shape, and to retain all the impurities suffered during life on earth. Thus any injury to the body is naturally greatly dreaded, and by the same reasoning, there is a strong desire to die before the feebleness of age begins and renders the weakness and suffering permanent. To such a length has this notion gone, that among some races sons have been known to kill their parents out of real affection, desiring to save them from becoming infirm and old before they reach the other world!

Another curious belief is, that animals have souls, and sometimes even superior powers to men. Lord Albe-marle in "Fifty Years of my Life," remarks that his palanquin bearers warned him not to kill a cobra, which they met, because, they said, its relations would surely revenge it.

The same feeling is shown among the Kukis of South Asia, where, if a tiger kills a man, his family are in disgrace till they have killed and eaten it, or, another tiger; and the same idea extends to those creatures generally regarded as almost unintelligent.

A sanction for the punishment of animals is found in Exodus xxi. v. 28, "If an ox gore a man or woman that they die; then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten." In France, so late as the twelfth century, the Bishop of Laon excommunicated a swarm of caterpillars; while in 1516, we read that, in accordance with the prayers of the inhabitants, the caterpillars of the district were ad-

monished by the Court to take themselves off in six days, on pain of being accursed and excommunicated.

Our common expression "A little bird told me," arose from the ancient belief that some people had the power of understanding the language of birds. In some countries it was customary on a death in the house to go to the hives and tell the bees. In Germany every animal on the farm, and even the sacks of corn were told!

Most curious of all is the belief in the personal life, or soul of *things*! Yet we find many instances in past times, and among uncivilised races at the present time, of punishment being inflicted on lifeless things for any disaster of which they have been the cause; among the Kukis before mentioned, if a man was killed by a fall from a tree, his relatives would in revenge cut it down, and scatter the chips. A modern king of Cochin-China used to punish a ship which sailed badly by putting it in the pillory, like any other animal. Xerxes flogging the Hellespont is a well-known fact, but yet more striking is a regular legal proceeding among the Athenians; any inanimate object, such as an axe, or stone, which had caused the death of a man without proved human agency, was solemnly tried, and, if condemned, cast beyond the border.

An old English law was repealed in 1846, which decreed that any animal that killed a man, or a wheel that ran over him, or a tree that fell on him, should be sold and the money given to the poor.

To what, then, does all this tend? Does it not clearly prove how strong even in the untutored mind is the idea of a spiritual life, of an indwelling spirit which regulates the outward existence?

This is an important point, for it shows that a certain faculty is inherent in man, viz., the consciousness of an invisible as well as a visible life, of something beyond what he sees, of spiritual being in himself.

The chief interest of such investigations into the beliefs of uncivilised races lies in the bringing to light the instincts of the soul, so much less easily perceived

and studied in more developed civilisation when it is necessary to make so much allowance for the effects of education and custom. The observations of learned men prove an instinct in the mind of man, however low his condition, of an invisible power ruling over and moving the visible universe, and of a spiritual and undying life within himself.

M. R.

### THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.

THE fourth yearly issue of Drs. Behm and Wagner's now well-known statistical work on the population of the earth has just been published. Their estimate of the whole population of the globe for the present year amounts to 1,423,917,000, and the area of the land surface they calculate to be 51,340,800 square miles, thus giving an average density of about twenty-eight people to one square mile.

The following are the populations of the various States of Europe, according to the latest estimates :—

Germany, 1875	... ..	42,723,242
Austro-Hungary, 1876	... ..	37,700,000
Switzerland, 1870	... ..	2,669,147
Netherlands, 1875	... ..	3,809,527
Belgium, 1874	... ..	5,336,634
Luxemburg, 1875	... ..	205,158
Russia, 1870	... ..	71,730,980
Sweden, 1875	... ..	4,383,291
Norway, 1875	... ..	1,802,882
Denmark, 1876	... ..	1,903,000
France, 1872	... ..	36,102,921
Great Britain, 1876	... ..	33,450,000
Spain, 1870	... ..	16,551,647
Portugal, 1874	... ..	4,298,881
Italy, 1875	... ..	27,482,174
European Turkey	... ..	8,500,000
Roumania, 1873	... ..	5,073,000
Servia, 1875	... ..	1,377,068
Greece, 1870	... ..	1,457,894

The dates indicate the years in which the data were obtained on which Behm and Wagner have based their estimate. In the case of Great Britain, of course the estimate is founded on the returns of the Registrar-General, for there has been no formal census since that of 1871. In the case of other countries in which the estimate is given for the years 1875 and 1876, it is the result generally of a regular census, for several Continental Governments are not content, like ourselves, with a census once every ten years.

### THE LESSON IN THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days or thereabout a great, ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known by but few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not too "bright and good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing and purifying it, from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, most human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look

upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall, white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, nor in the clash of the hail nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt, low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm and perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen and loved ere it is understood, things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, never repeated, which are to be found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.—*Ruskin*.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

### GEORGE SMITH, OF COALVILLE.

A FEW Sundays ago a very remarkable man conducted the Sunday-school services at our church in Kentish Town, London; we refer to George Smith, of Coalville, the true champion of children. His love is deep-seated and intense, and entirely free from mercenary bias. As a child, he himself has suffered; hence he knows how to sympathise with the young sufferer. Mr. Smith was born at Clayhills, in Staffordshire, February 16th, 1831. His father was a brick and tile maker, and George was brought up to the trade. His education, if such it may be called, was conducted by an old Primitive Methodist woman, who was well known in the neighbourhood, called Betty Wedgewood, from his third to his seventh year, when he began his toilsome work of brickmaking. Let this fact suffice for those whose early education has been limited. At this early age George Smith was employed in making bricks, and his master foolishly believed that kicks and blows formed the best means of obtaining work from the lad. At nine years of age he had to carry some forty pounds of clay or brick upon his head for thirteen hours each day, and sometimes working all night at the kilns. His night-work was often heavy, when he had to carry more than a thousand nine-inch bricks from the maker to the floors, thus walking a distance of fourteen miles, bearing an aggregate weight of more than five tons, and receiving for this severe labour the sum of sixpence!

Sometimes he was kicked, rolled in the mud, or beaten by an angry workman with a stick, until his existence became a mere burden. No wonder that he determined, if Providence should spare him to be a man, to labour with all his might to aid the little sufferers.

When in his teens George Smith worked six days a week, and sat up two nights to watch the ovens, making a total of ninety-six hours. His noble nature accomplished this that he might have the means of attending an evening school, so as to be useful in future to those by whom he was surrounded.

This he continued to do for two years, earning a shilling a week by working two extra nights, and spending it half in his schooling, and half in books. He had but little leisure, which was not wasted in idleness or the public-house, but passed in useful studies—a worthy example to the youths of the present day. He joined himself to a Sunday-school, in which he received most valuable instruction, and is now a Sunday-school superintendent. His business life has been successful: he rose step by step. He spent thirteen years in the service of one firm, which became prosperous under his management. He is the inventor of ornamental bricks, now so largely used in superior buildings throughout the country. Finally, he commenced business on his own account, and the poor plodding boy of thirty years since is now at the head of the firm of George Smith and Co.

But the great work of Mr. Smith's life has been his successful effort to benefit the brickyard children. This has been the one labour of his existence, dearer to him than his own comfort, and has cost him hundreds of pounds, years of toil, and thousands of tears and prayers. Through misrepresentation, disappointment, and neglect, he laboured on. He published his book, "The Cry of the Children from the Brickyards of England," and scattered gratuitous copies over all the land. And great men and high personages deigned to listen to his appeal, and began to correspond with him. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, the Kings of Holland and Belgium, and the Presidents of the United States and the French Republic sent him encouraging letters. The newspapers did him good service; the subject was taken up in both Houses of Parliament, a law was enacted, and in January, 1872, more than 10,000 little workers were sent home from our brickyards to be educated. All honour to such a man! No sword-hero, skilfully slaying his fellows, deserves such a crown.

Soon after this, Mr. Smith received a gratifying testimonial in recognition of his valuable and successful services. It consisted of a handsomely-bound Bible, a purse of 100 guineas, a silver

teapot, and an illuminated address signed by the Duke of Rutland, Lord Shaftesbury, the Dowager Marchioness of Westminster, and Lady Theodora Grosvenor, Lord Fortescue, and Lord John Manners. Mr. Smith is at present labouring on behalf of our canal boatmen and their families, 100,000 of whom have no home on land, but live perpetually in their cabins. Vast numbers of the men are unable to read, and multitudes of the children go not to any day or Sunday-school. But his best life and labours are still with the little ones. Noble man! without military badge or military plume! Away with whetted swords, follow the example of Mr. Smith, and the world shall speedily be more like heaven. He says truly, "We cannot do too much for the children."

#### KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I NEVER can keep anything!" cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, and unjustly too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear. When you have missed any article, keep your temper and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill-humour, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work-bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are! I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."

## THE WAY WHICH IS DESERT.

PERHAPS we have never even tried to realise to ourselves the meaning of these words, at least in their full import, for in England, scarcely in Europe, we have nothing corresponding to the idea of a desert, such as would immediately present itself to the mind of an Oriental. In tropical countries such waste places are but too common, and travellers speak of their "melancholy uniformity." They are, in truth, "weary wastes, extending to the skies," and they furnish images of desolation and horror to all who have a practical acquaintance with them. These dreary plains are covered with a fine sand, frequently agitated into waves, which penetrates everything, fills the mouth, the eyes, the nostrils of him who journeys onward, mixes itself with his food, blisters his feet, and by its depth impedes his progress. The "waste and howling wilderness" was familiar to the Jews, and it was dire necessity solely that caused them at any time to pass through it when going from place to place. Hagar fleeing from her incensed mistress, Sarah, twice in the course of her life was compelled to pass some time in the desert, near to Abraham's encampment, and on each occasion she suffered the extremity of distress. Moses, leaving Egypt from fear of the king, became a wanderer in the wilderness of Sinai, and kept the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law, for forty years, leading them sometimes to the hither part of Horeb, where he saw the wondrous vision of the burning bush, and to this same hoary mountain was the prophet Elijah directed to go when he went a weary journey of forty days, carrying his life in his hands, because of the threats of the implacable Jezebel, and here the earth trembled and the rocks were rent before him, and Horeb shot devouring flames; but it was here also that he heard the still small voice speaking to him of mercy and grace. But one of the truest and most life-like pictures of a Judean desert is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of the Crusaders," where (we write from memory) the knight is represented as mounted on his war-horse and traversing the sands, under

the burning sun of Palestine, and as such we recommend it to our readers' notice. So to the evangelist Philip the command, "Arise, and go towards the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert;" this command would come to his inner sense with a suddenness of surprise that for the moment would be overwhelming. To him the way would seem monotonous, wearisome, if not absolutely dangerous. He would see, in his mind's eye, the trackless wilds over which his only guides would be the sun by day, the stars by night; he would think of all he had known or been told of the bones of men and of camels bleaching the plain; of those who had been overwhelmed and had perished through the eddying sands, or dying from thirst—a fearful consummation of their toils. And then the desert! What can be done there? Am I to preach to the reeds shaken by the wind, or to the animals with scarcely more of understanding than the elements? I am here in a great city, signs and wonders have been done by me, these testifying to the truth of the gospel I have preached. Multitudes have heard and have seen, and they have been filled with joy. Why is this great work to be intermitted? why must I go into obscurity and inaction? Sentiments such as these would have been but natural, and their utterance, if not justifiable, would have admitted of some excuse. Yet it does not appear that Philip suffered any such objections to rest on his mind; if entertained for a moment, in a moment they were discarded. He was bidden, that was enough; his, not to make reply, nor to ask a reason, nor to seek excuse. He was the servant of the Lord Jesus, the duty was his; with the result he had no concern. "Arise and go," that was all the direction necessary, and with a strength beyond his own he went, assured that the journey had a purpose, that the divine word could not speak in vain; nor was he held long in suspense as to the object of his mission. Again the Spirit urges, and he is told to join himself to a splendid equipage slowly making its way over the sandy desert. The lonely, travel-stained pilgrim might

well have hesitated to draw near to a cavalcade of such an imposing kind; but all scruples of unfitness must be put aside. Philip runs to the master of the train, a nobleman of high rank and of great trust under the Queen of the Ethiopians, and finds in this man a kindred spirit, an earnest searcher after divine truth, and a pious worshipper of the one God. To him the evangelist opens the treasures of the gospel, admits him to its privileges, and sends him on his way rejoicing.

The way which is desert reads a useful, probably a much-needed lesson, to ourselves, for we are each of us but too open to the reproof of Jeremiah to his disciple, Baruch:—"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." We do not willingly take the lonely wilderness; we would walk in the highways and through primrose paths, with a goodly number of friends ready to help and to applaud. Instead of all this, there is allotted to us a life of obscurity with few to notice, fewer to flatter or to sympathise, and we cannot understand why we should be depressed and others around us be exalted. There is a crook in our lot, and it makes us uneasy and heartsore. But it is the will of God concerning you; submission is the highest wisdom; be patient to the end, and you will at length see that you have been led in the right path, even to the Father's home.

But there is a desert way—that of pain, of sickness, of the anguish arising from hope deferred, of poverty and privation, of deep sorrow caused by the misconduct of some near and who are still dear to us. These are real miseries, and no mere human philosophy can teach us to bear them with resignation. Religion here steps in, she soothes, she consoles, she leads us to the only refuge—God in Christ, reconciling all things to himself. She tells us that all is for greater good, that all leads to faith, and reliance, and obedience, and thus to heaven. She directs us to look to the great captain of our salvation, to go after him, and then to enter into the rest which he has promised to all his faithful followers.

Called likewise to the exercise of lowly and laborious duties, the way may

be uninviting, barren, and gloomy. Perchance we must dig in the vineyard through the livelong day, or toil all night on the heaving billows, taking nothing; but the command is unmitigable and imperious; it is to us everything. The claim is on our obedience made by him who has authority to demand and power to enforce. The doctrine of the divine sovereignty is a grand reality, dear to the believer's heart, and exercising the most salutary influence on his conduct. Through it he sees God in all things, in every event, whilst amidst every vicissitude of life it reconciles seeming anomalies, it induces humble, devout resignation; it convinces that good, perfect, everlasting good, is the purpose and end of the Father's rule, and this assurance

"Makes the face of nature gay;  
Gives lustre to the sun and beauty to  
the day."

#### DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip  
Should hang its little cup,  
And say: "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up."  
How many a weary traveller  
Would miss its fragrant smell!  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrops  
Upon the grass should say:  
"What can a little dewdrop do?  
I'd better roll away."  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to  
cool  
The traveller on his way,  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake,  
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom, too!  
It needs a loving spirit  
Much more than strength, to prove,  
How many things a child may do  
For others by its love.

—Songs for Children.

## PRAYER AND LIFE.

"I was once," narrates a minister, "staying with a gentleman who was a very religious kind of man; and in the morning he began the day with a long family prayer, that we might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given to us. A beautiful prayer it was, and I thought what a good, kind man you must be. But about an hour after, I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallooing, and scolding, and going on finding fault with everything. And when I came in the house with him he began again. Nothing was right, and he was, I found, very impatient and quick-tempered. 'Tis very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in these times be good for but to worry and vex one, with their idle, slovenly ways.' I did not reply for a minute or two. And then I said, 'You must be very much disappointed, sir.' 'How so, Daniel? Disappointed?' 'I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, and I see it has not come.' 'Present, Daniel?' and he scratched his head, as much as to say, 'Whatever can the man be talking about?' 'I certainly heard you speaking of it, sir,' I said quite coolly. 'Heard me speak of a valuable present. Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've never thought of such a thing.' 'Perhaps not, but you've talked about it, and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I should dearly love to see it.' He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain. 'You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart.' 'Oh, that's what you mean, is it?' and he spoke as if that weren't anything at all. 'Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered? If you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of spirit coming down upon you, all patient, and forgiving, and kind? Why, I believe you would become quite frightened,

and you'd come in and sit down in a faint, and imagine that you must be going to die, because you felt so heavenly-minded!' He did not like it very much, but I delivered my testimony and learned a lesson for myself too. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayer."

## GOING OUT TO TEA.

OVER and over again, in this world of ours, the glory of the love that counts not its life dear, and spends itself to the uttermost farthing, is illustrated before our eyes. It is like the love that broke in Bethany the alabaster box, only some fragile woman is the vase, and breaks herself to pour forth her sweetness, which, alas! is too soon diffused, and lingers, nothing but an ever-fainter growing memory. If the result were at all in proportion to the cost, we would regard the gift as wise; but it is spendthrift economy and ruinous prodigality, which lets the red wine of life stream out in useless libation at the altar of a mistaken sense of duty.

A mother should set the right estimate upon her strength and health of body, and upon her vigour and elasticity of mind. Like other people, she needs occasional freshening up and renewing. Her children's company may be to her a constant delight; but if she live only with her children—be they never so lovely, so rare in their attractions, and so full of childish affection—living with them only, she will be dwarfed. The interior life must be fed and stimulated from the outside. There is not one of us for whom our home darlings, if we are shut in with them without change and without variety, are quite enough. We need to be now and then shaken out of the ruts of our own individuality. Other people's lives must minister to ours, and we in return must minister to theirs, if we are to be of use and comfort in our own circle first, and, after, to the world about us.

Boys and girls coming in from school almost always cry out, "Where's mamma?" It is received, not by boys and girls alone, but by papa as well, as a personal injury if mamma be not

there to welcome them with her smile and her sweet words. Yet, once in a while, it would be quite as well for them all to spare that smile and those words for a little. It would brighten the worn little mother up immensely if, for instance, she could persuade herself that it was right for her, now and then, to go out to tea. She could exchange the current coin of neighbourly talk; she could feel the atmosphere of another home; she could rest a little on the experience of some older matron, and best of all, she could for an hour or two get rid of the feeling of responsibility for everything. It is very nice, now and then, to eat a meal that is not of your own providing, and to sit in another parlour entirely free from anxieties concerning the kitchen and dining-room. Sometimes, too, when one's own little people have been particularly wilful or noisy, or depressing, there comes a something very consoling, and almost akin to triumph, in the realised fact that one's neighbour's nursery has as much human nature in it as the one with which we are most familiar. And just the getting away from Tommy and Sally, for a half-day, prepares the motherly heart, returning rested to its place of work, to take a quite new delight in the loving ways of both, though Tommy may play horse as wildly as ever, and Sally have endless troubles with her doll.

The fact is that children always need a mother's devotion, and need it as much when they are nearing maturity, or by-and-by when they are bearing the heat and burden of life's noonday, as when they are babes in arms, or toddling over the floor. Mothers should save themselves, even by what seems to them selfishness, from too early fading and dying. Recreative idleness, pleasuring in purpose, time to read taken from the time that is spent in sewing, and a visit here or there, would keep from many a too wholly devoted mother the coming of that fatal messenger whose token is "an arrow sharpened by love."—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

## THE MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

BY PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day that crown'st the smiling  
moon

With the bright circlet, praise Him in thy  
sphere."  
—Milton.

ALL through the spring months, and onward to the end of June, the evening star shone brightly in the west, slowly passing downward along the track which the sun had followed. She had been growing brighter and brighter up to the end of May, and for a week or so longer, but then she began to lose lustre night after night. She also drew nearer and nearer to the sun's place in the sky, so as to set sooner and sooner after him. At last she was no more seen. But if, during this September and October, and afterward till next spring, you get up before sunrise, you will see the morning star in the east, shining very brightly in September, but gradually with less and less splendour, until at length, late in spring next year, it will be lost to view. The morning star is the same body which before had shone in the evening. It shines half the time as an evening star, and half the time as a morning star; or, to be more exact, I ought to say that after shining for a long time as an evening star, and being lost for a time from view, it shines for just as long a time as a morning star, then is again lost to view, then shines for as long a time as before in the evening, and so on continually. It also changes in brightness all the time, in this way:—

For rather more than eight months you see it in the evening, getting brighter and brighter slowly for the first seven months, and then getting fainter much more quickly, until at last you lose sight of it. In about a fortnight you see it as a morning star, getting brighter and brighter quickly during rather more than a month, and then getting slowly fainter and fainter during seven months, after which it can no more be seen. So that it shines about eight months as a morning star. After this it remains out of sight for about two months, and is then seen as

an evening star. And so it goes on changing from a morning to an evening star, and from an evening star to a morning star, continually, and always changing in brightness in the way just described.

The star which shows these strange changes is called by astronomers Venus, and is the most beautiful of all the stars. Venus was called the Planet of Love, and in old times when men thought that the stars ruled their fortunes, the rays of Venus were supposed to do a great deal of good to those who were born when she was shining brightly. But in our time men no longer fancy that because a star looks beautiful like Venus it brings good luck; or that because a star looks dim and yellow like Saturn, it brings bad fortune. They know that Venus is a globe like our own earth, going round the sun just as the earth does. Our earth seen from Venus looks exactly like a star. And if there are any creatures living on Venus who can study the stars as we do, they have quite as much reason for thinking that the globe on which we live brings them good luck as we have for thinking that their globe brings us good luck.

### GONE, MOTHER, GONE!

GONE? and the world to go on as before?  
Gone, with a smile, from the old homestead  
door;

Dear faithful heart, to come back no more;  
Oh, sad never more!

Gone! and the seasons to come and go;  
Wreathing her grave in blossoms and snow,  
Snow on her bosom that sheltered us so?  
Cruel and pitiless snow!

Home is not home, mother's not there;  
Dark is her room, empty her chair;  
Angels have taken her out from our care,  
Lifted her over life's stair.

Even the sunlight misses her face,  
Mute things, her sayings and doings, re-  
trace,  
Winds sing a dirge about the old place,  
So lonely seems the old place!

Dear willing hands; they've well done  
their share,  
Shrivelled and wrinkled, a pitiable pair;  
Once they were dimpled, and rounded and  
fair,  
Long years ago they were fair.

Once thick and glossy, the scant locks of  
snow,  
Sparkling bright, the eyes' faded glow,  
Sprightly the steps that grew slow and  
more slow,

Till seaward the tide did flow.

Thorny, oftentimes, was the way that she  
trod,

Yet with the sandals of faith brightly  
shod,

Climbed she the steep, to the portal of  
God;

Holding the hand of her God.

Oft the dear eyes grew dim from sad tears,  
Guiding our untried feet through the  
years,

Planning our future, with hopes and with  
fears;

Drying our quick falling tears.

No more in anguish the poor heart will  
bow,

Fadeless the crown that encircles her  
brow;

Clad in the vestments of angel-hood now,  
Fetterless evermore now.

Mother has got her lost bloom back again,  
Found the lost loved, long wept for in vain,  
Beautiful, glorified, free from all stain;  
Never to wander again.

Will she forget the ones she caressed?

Wept over, laughed over, hushed on her  
breast;

With her glad lullabies into sweet rest,  
Babyhood's innocent rest.

No! the true heart ever faithful will be;  
Fondly guard those that played at her  
knee,

Fly like a bird, from over death's sea,  
With her own darlings to be.

And when we've done with earth and its  
care,

Folded our hearts in a last mute prayer,  
Mother will reach us over life's stair,  
Over life's wearisome stair.

Sleep mother, sleep, with your hands on  
your breast,

Your weary hands, they needed their rest,  
Well we have loved you, but God loved  
you best,

Dear heart, He has given you rest.

### MAKE YOUR MARK.

WHAT though born a peasant's son,  
Make your mark!

Good by poor men can be done:  
Make your mark!

Peasants' garb may warm the cold:  
Peasants' words may calm a fear:  
Better far than hoarding gold  
Is the drying of a tear:  
Make your mark!

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

He is a good accountant who can cast up accurately his own errors.

**FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.**—Naturalists claim that some of the trees of the tropics show, unmistakably, an age of at least 5000 years.

**THE GREAT HARRY.**—The first large ship of war built in England was in the reign of Henry VIII. She was named the Great Harry, and cost £14,000.

A LITTLE girl, reading the History of England with her mother, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and said, "What did he do when he was tickled?"

A CONDENSED SERMON.—We find this oddity in the *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, by W. Creech, F.R.S. "Abridgment of a sermon, from these words: 'Man is born to trouble.' My friends: The subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads. 1. Man's entrance into the world; 2. His progress through the world; 3. His exit from the world; and 4. Practical reflections from what may be said. First then: 1. Man came into the world naked and bare. 2. His progress through it is trouble and care. 3. His exit from it none can tell where. 4. But if he does well here, he'll be well there. Now I can say no more, my brethren dear, should I preach on this subject from this time to next year. Amen."

**REAL GOOD.**—The curious ideas entertained about what religion may possibly do for the professor is amusingly illustrated in the *Christian Register* by the following anecdote:—"An exemplary minister of the gospel residing in Raleigh, N. C., was busy at his sermon the other evening, when a caller came to disturb him. It was a stranger, and he said his name was Dol-socker. He extended his hand for a shake, sat down as if in his own house, and presently began: "I called to see if you would give me a little spiritual advice?" "Certainly I will, and be glad to," was this reply. "Are you a professor?" "No." "Then you are thinking of turning your feet into good paths, I hope?" "Well, perhaps," was the hesitating reply. "Don't you want to be a Christian?" asked the good man. "I'll tell you how it is," said the stranger, after quite a long interval. "I've got a ticket in a lottery, and I wanted to ask you if you thought it would stand any better chance of striking the big prize if I was sort o' good than it would if I kept on being sort o' bad?" The clergyman didn't labour with Mr. Dol-socker very long.

**THE SHERIFFS' OFFICE.**—"Can you tell me," said a stranger the other day, "how to find the Sheriffs' Office?" "Yes," said a clergyman who was passing, "every time you earn one pound spend two, and you will soon find yourself there."

**THE SOCIAL DISTINCTION.**—"I don't believe in fashionable churches," said a witty lady, recently; "but, after all, considering that we are all to go to the same heaven, perhaps it's better to keep up the social distinction as long as we can."

**PUZZLED.**—A venerable divine, who had been dining out the night before, went into a barber's shop one morning to be shaved. He saw that the barber had been getting more drink than was good for him, for it made his hand shake very much, and naturally a little indignant, he began to give him a little moral advice by saying, "Bad thing, drink." "Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin remarkably tender."

**NEW PROOF OF THE TRINITY.**—Some years ago an anonymous correspondent of the *Times* says, "In the year 1845, while residing in France, in the country, a colporteur was pointed out to me as the salesman of very bad books. On inquiry, I found that he sold the Protestant edition of the New Testament, and a variety of Protestant tracts. Some short time afterwards, I met a Spanish monk, who, with the approbation of the clergy of the district, was selling a variety of tracts, intended as hard hits for the Protestants. The most striking argument used in these papers was, 'That to confirm the faith of unbelievers in the Trinity in Unity, a certain cathedral in Spain (Seville, I believe) could show among its holy relics three pieces of the flesh of some holy man, which individually weighed an ounce, and collectively weighed an ounce;' and the writer argued, that as no Protestant church could show so convincing a proof of the Trinity in Unity, heretics were deprived of a very strong and consoling foundation for their belief."—*The Times*, August 22, 1854.

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